TRANSLINGUAL

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*Special Thanks to **Bochu Ding** for his inspiration on layout design.*

Editor's Note

Dear Readers,

Translingual Magazine was founded in the fall of 2012. In its seventh year, we have added a new section — the untranslatable words, all contributed by members of the editorial team. We hope that you'll acknowledge and appreciate getting lost in translation.

This twelfth issue features prose, poetry, song lyrics, speeches and artworks in 11 languages. Our authors attempt to portray such intimate moments and, by enough serendipity, both resonate with and respond to one another, drawn to the concept of origins. Collectively, these pieces form a dialogue about being home—be it the beloved faraway land or the mental asylum which connects us across ethnicity and beyond sexuality.

Where and what does home mean to you? These narratives take turns to present their own definitions. Home is the longing look towards inner clarity. It is a world with less fear and resentment, a world less torn apart. It is those conversations over a cup of tea, Moscow, a supermarket counter, the moment we realize how we have always remained in-between.

Come into our world. Define the undefinable with us. Consider what you call home and hold it dear.

Welcome to Translingual's Fall 2018 edition.

Yours,

Editors-in-Chief
Qing Zhao and Mingjiu Gao

"How can I give a definite answer to the question
'where I am from'?..."

— Anastasiia Kozhukhova

St. Petersburg, Russia | Anastasiia Kozhukhova

黑

Michelle Liu

漆黑的夜，
雨水落地。
我平躺在床边，
听着那久违的呼吸。
这几天便是有些混沌，
人都找不着方向。
但也不怪自己，
毕竟连这社会的浪潮都不知流向何处。
摇头便是了。
摇头也罢，总想着，
在走廊尽头停留着那么个身影，
孤单游荡着，
徘徊着，
无归。
眼下又碰着明天，
还没琢磨出寒暄的措辞，
也还没来得及与昨日告别。
如此一来一回，
我不知是到了未来还是过去。
现在呢？
眼看已是清晨，
但周围的一切还是如此模糊，
既是一片属于昨日的澄澈的黑。

Pitch Black

Night dark,
Rain falls,
I lay flat by the window sill
And quietly,
I listened again to the long-lost sound of inhaling, exhaling.
The last couple days have been a blur,
Directionless.
But I blame none,
For even the wave of the present leads to no end.
I shake my head,
Shaking,
I fancied
The silhouette of a lost soul down the hall,
Alone and drifting,
Drifting,
Aimlessly.
Tomorrow impends,
Yet no line of greeting emerges;
No words that part turn up.
Rocking back and forth,
I couldn't make out the past, the future.
Now?
Dawn rises,
The surrounding remains a blend
Of yesterday's pitch black.

From the Author

While translating this poem into English, I had a hard time finding its tone. So, in the end, you might be getting a slightly different message or feel when reading the English translation. But I think it's perfect that way because languages have their own personalities and are meant to be distinct. As the title suggests, the content of this poem is not particularly uplifting, but it is a vivid portrayal of my ongoing search for aims and goals in life as well as the confusion and fear I experience along the way.

缘／缘分

Predestined relationship or affintiy; fatal coincidence. Originally connected with Karma in Buddhism.
[Chinese]

Yunnan, China | Qing Zhao

木漏れ日

Sunlight that filters through the leaves of trees.
[Japanese]

Ode The Mean Queers

Alex Bacchus

Uomini,
Vi adoro e vi detesto, cari uomini. Con le facce divine,
A malapena siete angelici. Come se foste puri diavoli,
Chiedo se siete tutti stronzi?

Spero di no.

Desidero di no.

Il mio cuore grida “no”.

La voglia del tocco caldo sospira un “no”.

Ma gli occhi e gli orecchi giungano
Ad una altra conclusione.

Hombres,
Habéis venido de lugares cercanos y lejanos,
Y habéis venido en masa
Para escapar del dolor y el encarcelamiento
Del pasado. Y, a pesar de todo, nadie sabría que no sois oriundos.

Homes,
Ara us trobeu aquí a la meva ciutat amb la llibertat
D’ésser sincers amb vosaltres i viver
Les vostres vives autènticament.
Però esteu atrapats.

Mal de tot...
La malaltia de masculinitat
I la grip de vergonya
Formen les vostres candeles.

Homens,
Ainda falta algo nos seus corações,
A luz.
A luz de respeito, humildade e confiança.
Mas esquecem que ter bondade não mata.

Hommes,
Vous ne vous rendez pas compte
Que je suis votre reine,
Pas de sang bleu,
Mais, câlisse de tabarnak,
Vous me devez
Le respect d’une reine!
Je suis un être humain
Et vous allez me vénérer!

Montréal, Canada |
Mingjiu Gao

(Italian)
Men,
I adore you and I hate you, dear men. With faces so divine,
You are hardly angelic. As if you were all demons,
I ask if you are all assholes.

No I hope.

No I desire.

"No" my heart screams.

"No" sighs the longing of a warm touch.

But my eyes and my ears
come to a different conclusion.

(Spanish)
Men,
You have come from places near and far,
And you've come in masses
To escape the pain and imprisonment
Of the past. And, despite this all, no one
would know you're not even decent.

(Catalan)
Men,
You find yourselves in my city with the freedom
To be true to yourselves and live
Your lives authentically.
But you're all trapped.

Aching of everything and everywhere…
The illness of masculinity
And the flu of shame
Form your shackles.

(Portuguese)
Men,
Still you lack something in your hears:
The light.
The light of respect, humility and confidence.
Yet you forget being kind doesn't kill.

(French)
Men,
You don't realise
That I am your queen,
Not one of blue blood,
But, fucking hell,
You owe me
The respect of a queen!
I am a human being
And you're going to worship me!

From the Author

This piece is my response to some experiences I've had with queer men in my hometown, New York City. You may say this piece is a dialogue or message directed to them, or, if you're a connoisseur of queer slang, you may even call it a drag; however, it is just how emotions drove my fingers at a keyboard. My poem is written in Italian, Spanish, Catalan, Portuguese and French, and I have no reason for choosing these languages over others that I speak, but it happens that I speak these the best in addition to my native English and Creole. I am often asked what's my favourite language and my answer is always whichever one connects with me in the moment—sometimes it's Persian and sometimes in Polish. No one language is the best and my relationship with them depends so much on my mood and company.

Dolor en los tiempos de división

Roni Lezama

No lo vayas a traducir
Porque estas palabras no te pertenecen
Son discursos de *amor* y *dolor*
Que sale con cada "Ñ" y "R"
De nuestra labia Latina

No lo puedes sentir
Porque no escapaste la Tiranía
Porque no cruzaste del sur al norte
Buscando asilo en un lugar desconocido

No lo entiendes
Porque los cuentos que conozco
Son por la lengua de mis padres
No por los libros

Austen nos dio cuentos del amor
Pero también mi abuelita
Que daría su vida por ver sus hijos triunfar
Ella me escribe cada mañana para decirme
"te quiero mi hijo"

Shakespeare nos dio gran tragedias
Pero nunca nos dijo cómo vivir por una
Macbeth cayo, Othello cayo
Le la historia de mi papa y veras
¡Que si se puede!

Ser Latino en un Estados Unidos
pintado en blanco
No es facil
Pero, cuando mires la lona
Verás un pintura bella

Verás una familia de tres
Una abuela, un padre, y un hijo
Unidos por un grito
"¡Gracias¡
mi *United States of America*"

Estas palabras son nuestras
Vamos a crear un América unido
Unidos por el Inglés y Español
Donde podamos decir
"My country, es tu pais"

Un América donde *hermano*
Es igual que *brother*
Un América donde *hija*
Es igual que *daughter*

Ve a traducir este poema
Para que entiendas
Que ya no va a persistir
Esta division

Danos *Hemingway*
Y te daremos *Marquez*
Danos *Fitzgerald*
Y te daremos *Borges*

Cuentame como tus ancestros
Vinieron en bote cruzando el Atlántico
Y te contare
Como nuestra gente cruzó el desierto

Go translate this poem
Because my words are now ours

Y las tuyas, mia.

"

From the Author

Dolor en los tiempos de división *was inspired by first couple of weeks at Middlebury. The racial divide on campus is imminent and it looms over the students. Sometimes one can't help but ask "do I belong here?" As you look around, you may feel overwhelmed by what you see and hear, making it feel as if you're the odd one out.*

But you aren't.

Pain in the Times of Division

You better not translate this
Because these words do not belong to you
These are stories of love and pain
With every "Ñ" and "R"
That comes from our Latin tongue

You can't feel it
Because you didn't escape the Tyranny
Because you didn't cross from the south to the north
Searching for asylum in an unknown place

You don't understand
Because the stories I know
Are through the voice of my parents
Not through your books

Austen gave us stories of love
But so did my Granny
Who would give her own life to see her kids triumph
Every morning she writes me and says "I love you son"

Shakespeare gave us grand tragedies
But never told us who to live through one
Macbeth fell, Othello fell
But read the story of my dad and you'll see
You can do it!

Being a Latino in the United States
That is painted white
Is not easy
But, when you look at the canvas
You'll see a beautiful picture

You'll see a family of three
A grandmother, a father, and a son
United through one chant
Thank you!
My United States of America

These words are ours
Let's create a united America
United through English and Spanish
Where we can say
"My country, es tu pais"

An America where hermano
Is the same as brother
An America where hija
Is the same as daughter

Go translate this poem
So you can understand
That this division
Will cease to exist

Give us Hemingway
And we will give you Marquez
Give us Fitzgerald
And we will give you Borges

Tell me how your ancestors
Came in a boat crossing the Atlantic
And I will tell you
How our people crossed the desert

Go translate this poem
Because my words are now ours

And yours, mine

Dolor en los tiempos de división *was originally written in Spanish. I don't think the English translation does it justice poetically. However, the English translation is important for all students as it bridges the unknown and the known. The poem transcends the realm of Spanish and English and hopefully you can all find a sense of unity through it.*

The Lonely Man
Translated by Kian Waddell

With a silent voice,
Mountain-tall and yet
Short like a dream,
There was a man.

With hands so poor,
With eyes deprived,
And legs dead-tired,
The man stood, alone.

Black-coffined night
Laid in his eyes. The stars
Were extinguished, as he fell
Onto dirt.

His shadow never remained
Behind him, and he was
Sorrowful and weary,
Lonely, lonely.

With thirsty lips,
His eyes never reached
The river's image,
Drops, drops, drops of water!

In the beatless night,
This way and that way,
He would stoop just to listen:
The sound, the sound of footsteps.

-Farhad Mehrad

مرد تنها

با صدای بی صدا
مثله یک کوه بلند
مثله یک خواب کوتاه
یه مرد بود یه مرد
با دستهای فقیر
با چشمهای محروم
با پاهای خسته
یه مرد بود یه مرد
شب با تابوت سیاه
نشست توی چشمهاش
خاموش شد ستاره
افتاد روی خاک
سایه ش هم نمی موند
هرگز پشت سرش
غمگین بود و خسته
تنهای تنها
با لبهای تشنه
به عکس یه چشمه
نرسید تا ببینه
قطره, قطره, قطره ی آب, قطره ی آب
در شب بی تپش, این طرف اون طرف

می افتاد تا بشنوه صدا, صدا, صدای پا, صدای پا

-

فرهاد مهراد

From the Author

This is a song in Farsi written by a super popular folk and pop singer for an Iranian movie in the 1970s. I've done my best to translate here, and make it a little more poetic (I've used some poetic license) and less song-like, but it obviously loses a lot of the lyrical quality that's inherent in Farsi. I think the content is interesting because, besides the writer's use of beautifully concise yet deep language, it can symbolize a variety of ideas. It can represent lost love, or even a political movement. Think about what it means to you.

形影相吊

With only body and shadow to comfort each other, describing someone that is extremely sad and lonely.
[Chinese]

der Weltschmerz

A pain that impacts one's mental state; sadness and suffering from the world and its shortcomings in respect to one's own wishes or expectations.
[German]

しーん

An onomatopoeia for silence.
[Japanese]

Taipei, Taiwan |
Qing Zhao

Ines

Melanie Rivera

Dedicated to my great-grandmother Ines, who will never know this was written.

Liebe Abuela,

I have let you down.

I imagine you younger: a high waisted skirt with embroidered flowers on every other fringe, castañuelas perched between thumb and forefinger, thick braids following the dip in your back--wrapping around your waist like the music of the congas. You are making tight, concentric circles around the band with your face turned toward the sky--every twist of your hips on-beat, smooth, cutting. This is the only time your smile doesn't leave.

Taking Spanish in high school was a tease. I needed the credit, but I enjoyed it too much. I was through with the packets by 3:15, Señora Huancayo scowling beneath her neatly stitched brows. By 3:30, I was in the college office, writing supplementary essays for institutions too far for my reach. Writing essays in English. That was the same year that I visited Johnson three days out of the week, walked Rudy when grandma's back was pinched, took the elevator to the fifth floor. That was the same year that I visited. We would keep up conversations for ten minutes, the most we'd spoken in ten years. You'd cross your legs at the ankle and chuckle when I'd squint at you--indicating that we were reaching my understanding's end. Your high-waisted skirt would graze the floor, the vibrant purples and yellows screaming under the light just barely breaking through the blinds: only the Univision news, dust, and miscommunication hanging between us.

Ich hatte die Gelegenheit, etwas anderes zu tun und habe sie ergriffen. Und andere Leute haben mich gefragt, „Warum nicht Spanisch?" oder „Warum nicht beide?" Was soll ich sagen? Welche Wahl hast du, wenn deine Sprache nicht deine ist? Hast du eine Wahl? Ich verstecke mich hinter einer anderen Sprache, einer anderen Kultur, einem anderen Gesicht. Ich bin auch eine Fälschung. Ich schulde niemandem eine Erklärung außer dir, meine kleine, süße, ruhige Urgroßmutter. Ich schulde dir die Wahrheit.
*[*Translation*: I had the opportunity to do something different and took it. And other people have asked, "Why not Spanish[?]" or "Why not both[?]" What should I say? What choice do you have when your language isn't yours? Do you have a choice? I hide behind another language, another culture, another face. I am also a fake. I owe nobody an explanation except you my small, sweet, quiet great-grandmother. I owe you the truth.]*

My mother likes to tell me that I knew how to read by the time I was two; I would sooner say four than believe that. She'll talk about the post-its she'd cover my grandmother's apartment with, listlessly calling out words that I'd echo: the same words that would soon color my tantrums. She said I'd mouth-off and demand from the moment I could string together sentences; a bad attitude was a God-given gift, one that I have nursed for nineteen years. I am the epitome of a Latina. There were faults in her plan, however; the requirements changed and being proficient, fluent, in English only splintered one layer of the ceiling. Spanish, too, had managed to cross 96th street--the inflections nasally, stale, clipped, filed down to unplanted roots. And again, they took something that didn't belong to them. They took something that didn't belong to me either.

Ich habe gesagt, dass ich Deutsch spreche, weil

Millau, France | Katrin Schmitz

ich kein Drückeberger bin. Aber ich war schon immer ein Drückeberger. Ich habe eine Identität zurückgelassen, die mich dazu bringen würde, Arbeitsplätze zu verlieren, Glaubwürdigkeit, Vereinbarung. Ich habe die großen Ohrringe, die kaskadierenden blonden Haare, die hochtaillierten Röcke, mein Gel abgegeben. Ich bin auf Deutsch nicht vorlaut. Ich bin auf Deutsch nicht schick. Ich bin auf Deutsch nicht Melanie (mel-ahn-yeh) sondern Melanie (meh-lah-nie). *[*Translation: *I have said that I speak German because I'm not a quitter. But I've always been a quitter. I gave up an identity that would "cost me" jobs, credibility, understanding. I handed over the big earrings, the cascading blonde hair, the high-waisted skirts, my gel. I am, in German, not mouthy. I am, in German, not sassy. I am, in German, not Me-lahn-yeh but Meh-lah-nie.]*

I was old enough to understand what my mother had done: left me the responsibility of learning Spanish on my own. The thought was exciting: I'd finally be a proper puertorriqueña. I would be able to prove to all my Dominican friends that I could roll my Rs. I could finally talk about the things that nobody in my family would talk about: like where we came from in Puerto Rico, why my great-grandmother left the island, what her rationale was, if she thought we were better off. Because there's a difference between being Puerto Rican and Nuyorican that not too many understand; the island, the real island, dies off with the person that brought us here. Puerto Rico goes from being home to a blip on vacation map. You stay at a resort, dance in a couple of festivals, drink on the beach, and say you got back in touch with your roots. The execution, on the other hand, was not quite as exciting. I participated, I did the assignments, I wrote the essays, sang the songs, passed the exams, left with an A and the basic grammar. I had ten minute conversations with you *every week*. And then I got tired. I would dig through the laundry list of vocab in my mind to respond and would come back up with nothing, so I responded in English now and again. Until I responded in English all the time. Then you found out that, in college, I was learning a language, but it wasn't Spanish. And I stopped visiting; I still don't visit; I haven't seen you in six months.

¿Cómo el español puede ser mío si no soy Latina verdadera? ¿Si la mayoría de las personas que hablan el español tienen la piel más clara? ¿Si la lengua ni era 'nuestra' para comenzar? ¿Cómo el español puede ser mío si nunca me enojo? ¿Sin ser comerciable? ¿Sin ser una capacidad en mi C.V.? ¿Cómo el español puede ser mío si ya no lo quiero más? ¿Como el español puede ser mío mientras

pertenezca al mundo?
*[*Translation: *How can Spanish be mine if I'm not a real Latina? If most of the people that speak it here have whiter skin? When it wasn't ours to begin with? How can Spanish be mine when I'm not angry? Without it being marketable? Without it being a special skill on a resume? How can Spanish be mine if I no longer want it? How can Spanish be mine while it's everyone else's too?]*

I can't apologize for something that I didn't do. I didn't pimp the language out--give it to the wrong people, leave it in the hands of *gringos* that won't know what to do with it. I cannot be held accountable for the Rs and Rs (erres), its conversion into unintelligible nonsense by the *plantanos*, the hefty exaggeration on every syllable by the *cubanos*, and the ayyys of the *mexicanos*. I cannot apologize for being a nonconformist, a product of my overzealous imagination--convinced that I was doing something right, and resisting the Spain Spanish, the right Spanish, the white Spanish: commodified, dry, baseline, and as well-known and artificial as a Kardashian.

Debo lamentar por ser tan irresponsable con nuestra relación. Mis ideas siempre reflejaron la contención de mi realidad. Pensé que pudiera ser Latina. Pensé que te pudiera conocer. Pensé que pudiera convertirme en Ud. en algún momento: las trenzas negras, las caderas moviéndose en conjunto al ritmo de la tambora, vestida de falda—la cual adornaba las calles y los tobillos de la gente, con esa sonrisa coqueta que causaba guerras--la voz, las palabras: tan libres y fuertísimas como Ud., con su rostro hacia el cielo, y su sonrisa—inquebrantable.
*[*Translation*: But I should apologize for being irresponsible with our relationship. My ideas have always exercised the containment of my reality. I thought that I could be Latina. I thought that I could get to know you. I thought that I could be you: with the rows of black braids, the hips that didn't miss a drum-beat, in a high-waisted skirt that kissed cobblestones and ankles, that wry smile that ripped open chests--the voice, the words: as free and as strong as you with your face turned to the sky, smile unwavering.]*

Our lives are not our own, our history is not our own, our legacy is not our own. Und wie dein Erbe habe ich dich enttäuscht. Lo siento.

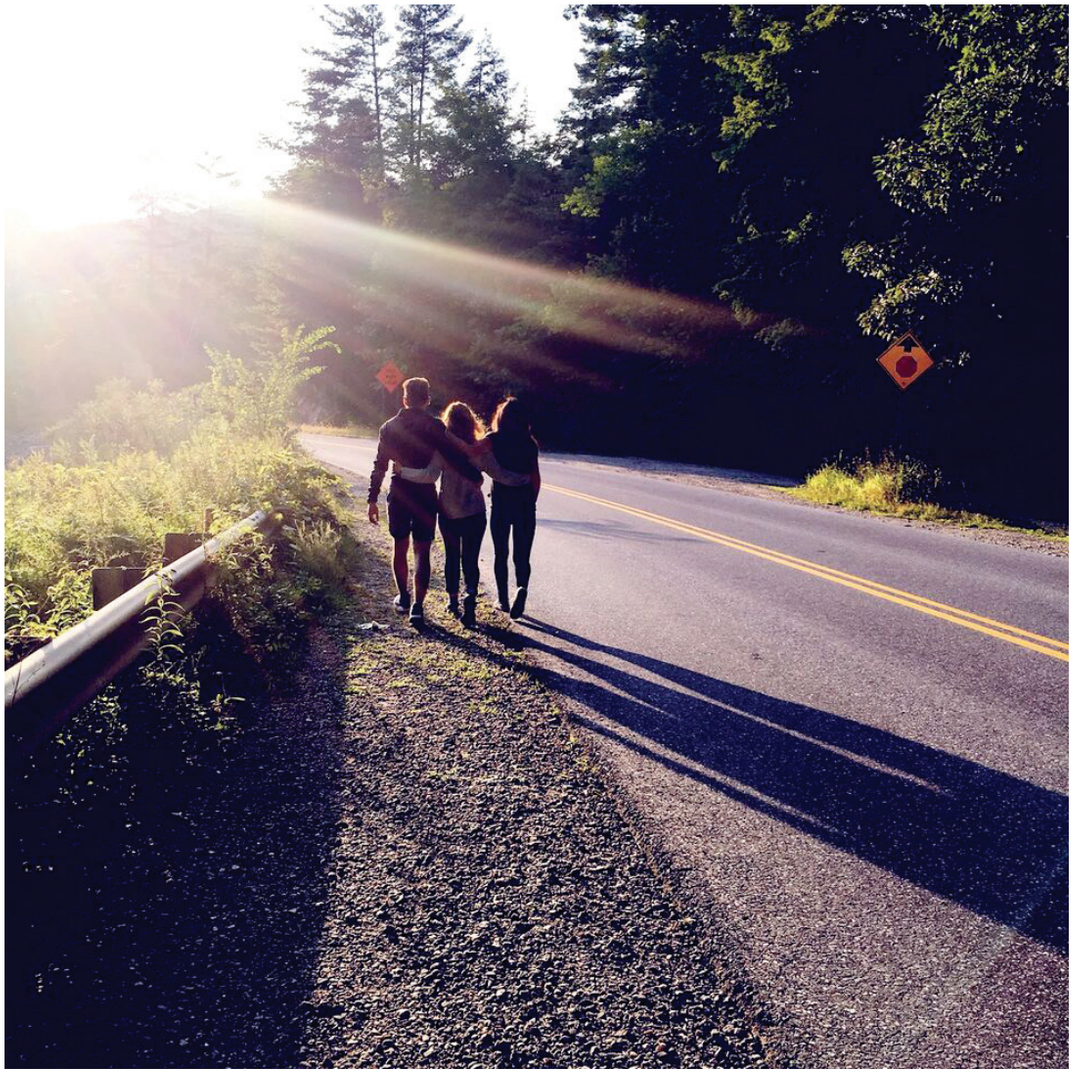
With all my love,
Me-lahn-yeh

From the Author

My great-grandmother, Ines, is in her early 80s, and she's sick. This is the closest I've come to admitting this out loud, but she could go at any minute. It's safe to say that my family dynamic is complicated, but the one person I refuse to be separated from is her. In a way, she is the physical embodiment of a part of my identity that--much like the family disagreements do to her and me--people (who will remain as nameless and tired as their prejudices) try to strip me of. I am Puerto Rican: even though I was born and raised on the mainland; even if I can't speak Spanish; even though my skin is lighter than you'd like it to be; even if my eyes are as deep a green as the tops of trees, or as crisp a blue as the sky I'm trying to breach. I have never, however, fit neatly into the parameters of the Latina identity. Instead of having my hair crawling down my back towards my hips; instead of wearing gold hoops and snug, mid-length dresses to accentuate my curves; instead of learning Spanish to be able to speak to my little old lady: I cut all of my hair off, and I can be caught in sweatshirts and leggings, speaking German furiously. But I am just as much what I'm not as I am what I am, so this story couldn't be told in just English and German; I needed her to hear me too, so Spanish was a necessity. She says she's proud of me.

Kos

A positive force of cosiness; having good vibes; joy or good energy.
[Norwegian]



Katrin Schmitz

das Fernweh

Yearning to visit distant places.
[German]

Wenn Sprache Versagt

Katrin Schmitz

„Was vermisst du an Zuhause?“
Ich vermisse den REWE-Supermarkt.
Ich vermisse die Schreibtische in der Unibibliothek.
Ich vermisse, um Punkt 10 die erste im Seminarraum zu sein, weil die Sitzung erst um 10 Uhr c. t. beginnt.
Ich vermisse, abends drei Bushaltestellen früher auszusteigen, um noch einen Spaziergang im Dunkeln zu machen.
Ich vermisse, an einem heißen Sommertag meine drei Freunde einzupacken und zum Badesee zu fahren, wo wir uns einen Sonnenbrand holen.
Ich vermisse Spaziergänge durch die Weinberge und dabei so laut zu singen, wie ich will, denn man begegnet wenigen Menschen (und sieht sie rechtzeitig, um das Singen zu unterbrechen).
Ich vermisse den Sommer in der Stadt.
Ich vermisse, bei der Post für eine einfache Briefmarke anzustehen.
Ich vermisse, Bücher aus der Zentralbibliothek an Automaten auszuleihen und zurückzugeben.
Ich vermisse, zu wissen, dass wir Familienfreunde im nächsten Stadtteil jederzeit besuchen könnten, auch wenn wir es nur alle drei Monate tun.
Ich vermisse, Routen für Ausflüge in die Region mit dem öffentlichen Nahverkehr zu planen (ein Hoch auf das Semesterticket).
Ich vermisse, abends über den Campus zu einer Veranstaltung im Hörsaal P1 zu laufen.
Ich vermisse, Leute auf dem Campus zu grüßen, auch wenn ich mit ihnen nur einmal einen Kurs hatte und nicht besonders gut kenne.

Ihr lest diesen Text, aber selbst wahrnehmen könnt ihr das alles nicht. Es gibt keine Worte, mit denen ich diese Eindrücke nachvollziehbar machen kann.
Ich vermisse all diese kleinen Dinge, Gefühle und Eindrücke, die „Zuhause“ ausmachen, und mir fehlen die Worte dafür in allen Sprachen.

When Language Fails

From the Author

I first got the idea for this text when I was simply walking across campus and suddenly felt the wish to be in a German supermarket. Not going shopping, not a desire for a specific thing, but just to be *there. When I started thinking about it, I found more things that are part of my everyday life at home that I miss. And after several attempts of writing them down, I realized there was no way to do so understandably. After some consideration, then, I decided not to discard my draft and instead embrace and share this educational experience of the limits of language.*

"What do you miss about home?"
I miss going shopping at REWE supermarket.
I miss the desks in the college library.
I miss being the first one in the classroom at 10 am sharp, because class starts at 10 c. t. [cum tempore = "with time," meaning 15 minutes later]
I miss getting off the bus three stops earlier in the evening to take a short walk in the dark.
I miss packing up my three friends on a hot summer day to drive to the lake and get sunburned.
I miss taking walks through the vineyards and singing as loud as I want to because you meet few people (and see them in time to pause the singing).
I miss the summer in the city.
I miss standing in line at the post office for a simple stamp.
I miss checking out and returning books at the college's central library with a machine.
I miss knowing we could visit family friends in the neighboring district any time, even though we only do it every three months.
I miss planning routes for trips in the area with public transport (long live the students' ticket).
I miss walking across campus to an event in the lecture hall P1 at night.
I miss greeting people on campus even if I only ever attended one class with them and don't know them particularly well.

You are reading this text, but you cannot feel any of it yourself. There are no words with which I could make these perceptions understandable.
I miss all these little things, feelings, and impressions that define "home," and I am missing the words for them in all languages.

Mainz, Germany | Katrin Schmitz

Dépaysement

The feeling that comes from not in one's home country.

[French]

为什么要学习语言?

Winslow Ferris

如果你学习语言，你一定听到这个问题最少一百次。甚至你也会问自己这个问题。有的时候，我完全没有答案，尤其是晚上跟外国的年轻人聊天儿的时候。我好累，好困，没有办法说我想说的事儿。我现在是留学生，所以也可以说我对这种感觉很熟。所以，怎么办？每到这样的时候，我都会想到一个老朋友说过的话：“我的脑子里全是糖果”。这句话没有道理，我知道。 可是这句话提醒我为什么学语言，也会让我想到一个过去的经历。

高中第三年的时候，我参加了一个跟病人有关系的活动。每个星期我跟两位医生去病人的

If you study languages, then you have definitely heard this question at least a hundred times. You even may have asked yourself this question. Sometimes I simply cannot come up with an answer, especially when I'm talking to young, foreign students in the evening. I'm tired and sleepy, and I have no way of saying what I want to say. As a current student studying abroad, you could even say that I am well acquainted with this feeling. So, what to do? Every time I feel this way, I think of what an old friend once said to me, "my head is filled with candy". This sentence doesn't really make sense. I know. But this phrase reminds me of why I study languages as well as a past experience.

As a junior in high school, I signed up for an activity in the medical field. Every week, two doctors and I would visit patients' houses, give them check-ups, and just talk. The patients that we saw weren't necessarily old people, but rather people with psychological problems. Some of them heard voices; some of them were alcoholics; others simply didn't know who they were. The patient who was closest to me was named Jake. He was about fifty years old and very tall with an amiable face. He was from Germany, so his accent was rather strong, and he talked relatively slowly. However, he still had a lot of energy and spirit.

Yunnan, China | Mingjiu Gao

Why Are You Studying Languages?

家，给病人检查，跟他们聊天儿。我们看的人不见得是老人，而是精神方面有问题的人。在他们之中，有的幻听，有的酗酒， 别的不知道他们自己是谁。 跟我最熟的叫杰克。他五十岁左右，非常高，看起来也很和蔼可亲。他是从德国来的，所以他的口音挺重的。而且说话偏慢。但是，他还是很有精神。我跟他在一起的时候，他喜欢开我的玩笑，让我（和他自己）哈哈大笑。有一次，他买了两个蛋糕。我一敲门，他就把门打开，把蛋糕扔到了我的脸上。他哈哈大笑。我呢？我把另外一个蛋糕扔到了他的脸上。

杰克很幽默，可是他病得很重。 他没有长期记忆。一年以前，他跟一般人一样。可是，有一天，他的生活发生了很大的变化。不知道怎么搞的，他就是想不起来童年发生的事情。他既没摔跤，也没把他的头摔伤。他去看病的时候，医生也没找到原因。这很可怕。虽然这样下去，后果会不堪设想，但是杰克很强大。

有一天，我们正玩儿得高兴，忽然杰克问我：“你信不信教？”我看着他，回答：“不信。”“不对，”他说，“我们都会不知不觉地相信某个宗教。你只是还没发现你的信仰是什么。”我点了点头。“那，”我问他，“你信什么教？”他很慢地说：“信教应该会减轻我们的痛苦，对不对？有的人说，上帝可以减轻人们的压力。不过，上帝帮了我的忙，却偷走了我的童年。相信他没有道理。那，我信仰的是语言。无论我忘了多少重要的事，都忘不了学过的语言。此外，如果有词的话，就有办法让人们笑。”然后他说：“我的脑子全是糖果。”我一边笑一边问：“什么意

Whenever I was with him, he liked to make fun of me and make me (and himself) laugh. One time, he bought two cakes. As soon as I had knocked on the door, he opened it and immediately threw a cake onto my face. He laughed. And me? What did I do? I took the other cake and threw it onto his face.

Jake was indeed a humorous guy, but he was also very sick. He had lost his long-term memory. One year before, he had been just like everyone else. But one day, his life changed forever. No one knows what happened, he just couldn't remember his childhood. He neither fell nor hit his head. When he went to the hospital, the doctors also couldn't find a reason. This was very scary. Although the types of problems that can arise from this kind of a situation are unthinkable, Jake was very strong.

One day, Jake and I were having a good time when, all of a sudden, Jake asked me, "do you have a religion?" I looked at him and answered, "no." "Wrong," he said, "we all unconsciously follow one religion or another. You just haven't found yours yet." I nodded. "In that case," I asked him, "what religion do you follow?" He slowly said, "following a religion ought to lessen our suffering, right? Some people say God can lessen the pressure on us. But when I believed in God, he took away my childhood. Believing in him doesn't make any sense. Therefore, I believe in language. No matter how many important things I forget, I can't forget how to speak. What's more, if you have words, you have a way to make others smile." Then he said, "my head is filled with candy." I laughed and asked, "what do you mean?" He said, "it doesn't mean anything. It is just a good example of language's magical ability to make you happy."

But in college, I realized that what he said actually does makes sense. He said that language

思？”他说：“没什么。就是一个很好的例子来表示语言有让你快乐的魔力。”

可是，在大学我发现他的话是有道理的。他说语言可以让我们很高兴。糖果也给我们带来快乐。所以，糖果跟生词一样。要是他们一样，那杰克的话就是“我们的脑子里全是词”。这句话很有道理。我们的脑子里一定都有很多很多词。可是，很多人不知道这些词的魔力。

因此，当你不知道自己到底为什么学语言的时候，你就应该记住，不管我们的语法、声调对不对，词都是糖果。每一个我们学会的词都是一个点亮别人一天的方式。

can make us happy. Candy also brings happiness. So candy and words are the same. If they are the same, then Jake's phrase reads, "our heads are filled with words." This makes a lot of sense. Our heads are definitely filled with lots and lots of words. But too often, we forget the power of these words.

Therefore, if you ever feel that you do not know why you are studying languages, you should remember that, no matter your grammar or tones are right or wrong, words are candies. Every new word you learn is a new way to brighten up someone else's day.

From the Author

In college, studying languages is for the most part in preparation for something down the line. Everyday I am surrounded by English speakers and American culture. This is only fitting because I attend an American university. The problem is that sometimes it feels as if studying languages is incredibly distant from the reality of my everyday life. In other words, it is easy to feel like my work is never going to pay off or that it is useless in order to be successful. Besides occasionally feeling removed from my studies, it is also all too easy to feel discouraged when learning a new language. We can study a single language for our entire life and still not master it. This piece is about how I remind myself that learning languages is not in fact about mastery, nor even about practicality. It's about the power of a few simple words strung together in such a way that we can connect with people from all around the world.

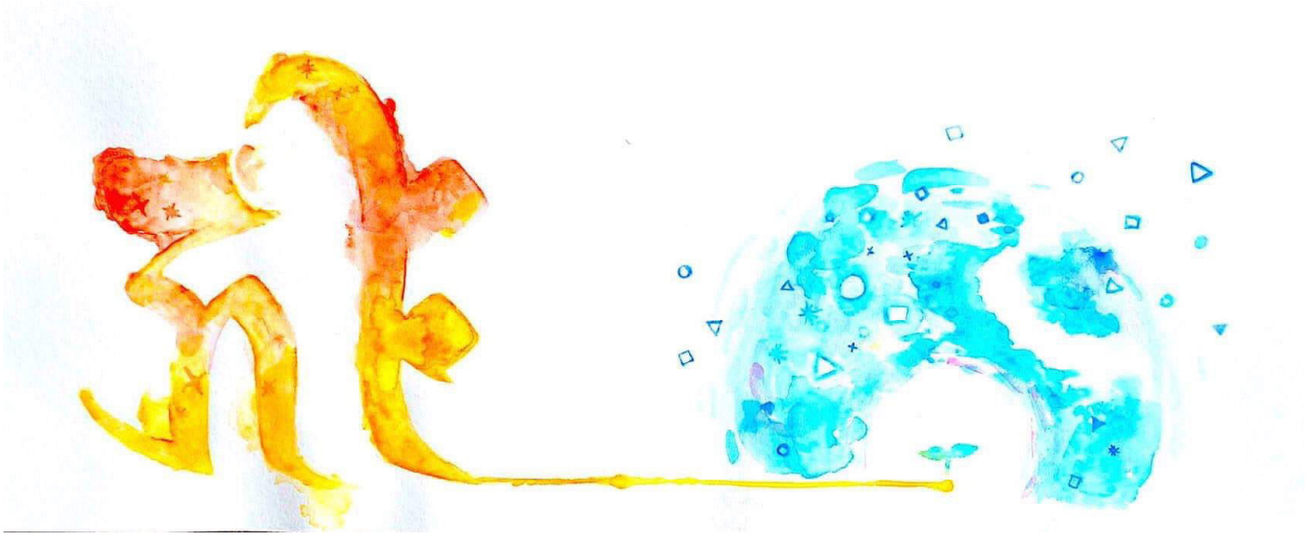
Erfurt, Germany |
Katrin Schmitz

DAS FINGERSPITZENGEFÜHL

Gift to know just what to say and do
to best handle a situation; sensitivity,
gift of empathy in approaching people
and problems.

[German]

St. Petersburg, Russia |
Anastasiia Kozhukhova



Watercolor | by Sonomi Tsuruta

"The character on the right side is a bonji (梵字, Siddhaṃ), a script used for writing Sanskrit in the Mid-6th to -13th century. In Buddhism, some bonji represents Bodhisattvas, and this character represents Senju-Kannon, (千手観音, सहस्रभुजआर्यावलोकितेश्वर [sahasrabhuja ārya avalokitezvara]) the Bodhisattva, associated my year of the twelve horary signs."

Spleen

From English, but means melancholy, dispiritedness, profound boredom or dissatisaction of all.

[French]

尘世

Literally "dust world", but means this world, or the mortal world. Ordiginally a Bhuddist term.

[Chinese]

Clouds

Translated by Qing Zhao

I went to look for my wool knitting and the baby goat followed me
Gray
He is not as suspicious as the big one
He is still too young
She was so young as well
But something in her already spoke with great maturity like this world
Already
She understood those atrocious things
For example
That people should distrust one another
And she was looking at the kid and the kid was looking at her
And she wanted to cry
He is like me
Says she
A little sad and a little cheerful
And then she had a big smile
And the rain began to fall.

Yunnan, China | Qing Zhao

Nuages

Jacques Prévert

Je suis allée chercher mon tricot de laine et le chevreau m'a suivie
Le gris
Il ne se méfie pas comme le grand
Il est encore trop petit
Elle était toute petite aussi
Mais quelque chose en elle parlait déjà vieux comme le monde
Déjà
Elle savait des choses atroces
Par exemple
Qu'il faut se méfier
Et elle regardait le chevreau et le chevreau la regardait
Et elle avait envie de pleurer
Il est comme moi
Dit elle
Un peu triste et un peu gai
Puis elle eut un grand sourire
Et la pluie se mit à tomber.

La pluie et le beau temps - Gallimard (1955)

From the Author

Prévert's poetry strikes me as at once accessible and profound. In his typical straightforwardness, life's brutal truth unpacks itself in a light-hearted tone, or even, a carefree attitude. In this piece, Prévert introduces us to this tender innocence, then breaks our heart with its piercing sensitivity. Here, the reader's familiarity with the original language of this particular poem barely matters; the fact that the little cheerfulness still has the ability to create a big smile—despite each plunge into this world—matters.

La Robe Rouge

Mingjiu Gao

Je veux toujours une robe rouge.

Pas rouge comme une rose
Mais plus éclatant et lumineux, plus inattendu et délicieux.

Avec un corsage boutonné,
Et des manches courtes qui fleurissent.
Avec une jupe à plis légers,
Ou bien à pois blanc et petits.

Oui. Je la veux.

Je veux me lancer dans ses vagues chauffés de rouge,
Me plonger dans son parfum délicat et douce.
Je veux sucer son tissu sucré et mou
La goûter. Et elle,
Elle me fait brûler, m'intoxique,
M'envoie jusqu'à mes rêves qui s'échappent aux nuits.

Je la vois flâner sur une ruelle âgée,
Et s'arrêter devant un café dans le coin.
Je la vois lointaine face à la mer,
Ses rides dansent dans le vent bleu et amer.

Mais non, je ne vois aucun couleur,
Aucun que le rouge parmi le noir et blanc, le gris.
Cette robe rouge choquante et mystérieuse,
Si proche mais en même temps si loin.

La robe rouge.
Je ne vois rien qu'elle.
Je ne vois personne que toi.

I always want a red dress.

Not red like a rose,
But more radiant and luminous, more unexpected and delicious.

With a buttoned top,
And short sleeves that bloom.
With a hem of light waves,
Or polka dots, white and small.

Yes. I want it.

I want to launch myself into its waves heated with red,
To dive into its perfume, delicate and sweet.
I want to suck on its sugared and soft fabric,
To savor her, and she,
She burns, intoxicates,
And sends me into my dreams that escape the nights.

I see her roaming along an age old alley,
And stops in front of a café in the corner.
I see her far away, facing the sea,
Her pleats dancing in the blue and bitter wind.

But no, I see no colors,
No colors but red among the black and white, among gray.
The red dress, shocking and mysterious,
So close and yet so far away.

The red dress.
I don't see anything but her.
I don't see anyone but you.

The Red Dress

Český Krumlov, Czech Republic |
Mingjiu Gao

Gostoso

Literally translates to delicious but is used in so many more ways than that. Someone being *gostoso* means they are attractive; the sound of laughter being *gostoso* means its rich and pleasant to hear, etc.

[Portuguese]

From the Author

This poem is inspired by a friend, and by my vision of the French language. I didn't choose French because it's easy or natural to write in. It just comes to the moment, to that feeling. This is my attempt to capture something elusive, intangible, incomprehensible. Or maybe you could read it as a love poem. I don't know. But I guess it fits to use a language that, after years, is still evading me, that of which I'm still unable to fully seize the spirit. Maybe you can still feel bits of awkwardness that constitutes its entity. This is not a good poem, nor am I a good poet, but I hope you can get that sense of searching and longing, and feel that vagueness and senselessness that's always part of us and what we desire.

Untitled

Anastasiia (Nastia) Kozhukhova

Знаешь, чтобы поставить меня в тупик достаточно лишь задать вопрос, откуда я. На самом деле, даже если переформулировать его и получить что-то вроде “что ты считаешь своим домом”, то это ни капли не облегчит мою задачу.

Помнишь ту открытку (на меня вновь нашло что-то ужасно тоскливое), что я послала тебе прошлым летом? Тогда я написала, что части моего сердца будто оживают в зависимости от того, в каком из трех своих любимых городов я нахожусь.

Наверное, тот-самый-сплин настиг меня вновь. Хотя нет, все намного проще. Виной

Well, you know, asking a question where I am from is enough to stump me. In fact, even if we reformulate it and get something like “what do you consider to be your home”, it will not facilitate the task at all.

Do you remember one of the postcards (at that time I was embraced by something awfully melancholic) that I sent you last summer? I wrote that depending on where I am right now parts of my heart come to life.

Probably, this very melancholy has caught up with me again. Though maybe things are way simpler. I think it has to do with the fact that nowadays I am more often asked this question and

St. Petersburg, Russia | Anastasiia Kozhukhova

Russian/русский

моей меланхолии служит то, что сейчас этот вопрос мне задают все чаще и все реже я могу дать людям простой и конкретный ответ, который они хотят услышать.

И вот уже три года я мечусь я между тремя реальными городами в поисках недостижимой гармонии. Мне кажется, что вместо прямого и тривиального ответа на приводящий меня в ступор вопрос проще рассказать три истории о тех местах, что заставляют мое сердце биться сильнее.

Я люблю Москву, а еще больше я обожаю звуки подземки! Листая в телефоне видео, я вдруг совершенно случайно открыла то, что мы сняли с тобой тем ноябрем, пока ехали в университет на метро. В общем, внутри меня проснулся поток нежных чувств и огромной любви к городу с бешеным ритмом и толпами людей, который ты, впрочем, частенько называешь муравейником. Я бы никогда не подумала, что скажу это, но, видимо, со временем мы начинаем романтизировать именно то, что в рутине прошлого больше всего раздражало нас. Мне кажется, это какое-то безумное свойство памяти, лично моей уж точно.

Порой в этом городе становится ужасно душно (избежать эту клишированную фразу мне не удалось, увы), и тут я бегу на поезд и мчу в Санкт-Петербург. А в Питере всегда классно, потому что сколько бы раз я там ни была, я не перестану задирать голову на дома на Невском проспекте, пытаясь рассмотреть и запомнить их красоту, хотя я видела её не один десяток раз. Я не перестану фотографировать Исаакиевский собор со всех сторон, дегустировать круассаны из разбросанных буквально по всему городу пекарен и уплетать их за обе щеки, пока едешь по длиннющему эскалатору к станции метро. Черт, я чуть не забыла про характерный запах стоячей воды в центре. Я не так часто бываю на море или у воды, потому запах Невы для меня замещает их отсутствие в моей жизни: река отдает то сыростью, то чем-то свежим. Возможно, все зависит от ее настроения на сегодня, этакая

less often can I give a simple and concrete answer, which most of the people want to hear from me.

For the past three years, I have been in a rush between three real cities in pursuit of unachievable harmony. It seems to me that, instead of giving a simple and trivial answer to the question that stumps me, it is easier to tell three stories about the places which make my heart beat more frequently.

I love Moscow, and even more, I adore the sounds of the underground! Looking through the videos on my telephone, I have come across the one we have filmed last November on the way to the university. I have experienced the flow of tender feelings and immense love towards the city with frenetic pace and crowds of people, which you do often like to call anthill. I would never imagine myself saying this, but probably with time we romanticize those things from the past routine which used to be quite annoying for us. It is a crazy characteristic of the memory, of mine for sure.

When it becomes extremely suffocating there (unfortunately, I couldn't do without this cliché), I run to the railway station and that's how I get on my way to Saint-Petersburg. It's always awesome in Saint-Petersburg, because, regardless of how many times I have been there, I will never stop tilting my head upon Nevsky prospect's buildings, trying to see and memorize their beauty, though I have seen it a dozen of times. I will not stop taking photos of St. Isaak's Cathedral from all the possible angles, trying croissants from the bakeries scattered around the city and eating them on the escalator down to the metro station. Gosh, I have almost forgotten to mention the peculiar smell from the still water in the city center. I do not often go to the seaside, and that is why Neva's smell substitutes the lack of exposure to the sea in my life. The river smells either of dampness or freshness. Maybe it depends on Neva's mood, such a capricious lady. Well, Saint-Petersburg is the warmest city though many people complain that it's too rainy there. What is the purpose of wearing raincoats if we can hide from such weather?

Two or three times a year I go to the city with an Italian name to eat cutlets, borscht and syrniki,

капризная дама. В общем, Петербург — это самый теплый город, хотя многие то и дело ворчат, что его частенько заливает дождями. Но ведь от непогоды всегда можно спрятаться, зачем тогда придумали дождевики?

А пару-тройку раз в году я отправляюсь в город с итальянским названием, чтобы вместе с родителями навернуть домашних котлет, борща и сырников, походить по родственникам и собрать пару-тройку восклицаний, о том, как я выросла. Вообще каждая новая поездка в Тольятти все больше и больше ощущается как билет в детство: дома не нужно носиться в попытках успеть все и даже больше. Можно просто наслаждаться превращением в маленькую Настю, в девочку, которой не нужно ломать голову над тем, как определить по запаху испорченность мяса, что делать с лопнувшей лампочкой в ванной или разбитым ртутным градусником.

Ну и как же можно дать однозначный ответ на вопрос, откуда я?..

go around to my relatives' and hear a couple of exclamations how much I have grown up. Each trip back to Togliatti becomes more like a ticket back to childhood: at home, there is no need to be in a rush in order to seize everything or even more. I can just enjoy my transformation into a small Nastia, the girl who doesn't have to rack her brains trying to guess by judging the smell of meat how spoilt it is, what to do with a burst light bulb in the bathroom or with a broken thermometer.

So, how can I give a definite answer to the question "where I am from"?...

From the Author

I wrote my piece in the form of a letter to a friend. The thing is that the addressee is not just one person, it is a group of my friends. So, each of them can recognize themselves in those lines if they read it. For me, this letter is like a picture with all my beloved ones who shaped my personality and helped me to get through hard times. While writing in my native language, I have realized that my language becomes way more power and creative than if I write in English. I should also say that translating my own work in a foreign language was quite challenging. The reason for this is that I tried to render the emotions and feelings that I put into this letter rather than the literal meaning of the words and sentences.

Сплин

An archaic word, the meaning comprises notions such as melancholy and sadness.
[Russian]

Saudade

Melancholic longing for something not available in the present, that you would want in the present.
[Portuguese]

Geborgen

Mixture of cosy, safe, warm and comfortable; sheltered, secure.
[German]

St. Petersburg, Russia | Anastasiia Kozhukhova

Чай

Mariia (Masha) Makutonina

Волшебная концепция. Само собой разумеется, что это и вкусно, и полезно, и лишний повод для сладкого, если вы такой же сладкоежка как и я. Однако, это в то же время и ритуал, обычай, если хотите. И как это обычно и неизбежно происходит в студенческие годы – все привычные с детства обряды и обычаи катятся в тартарары, в общем, не соблюдаются. Вот несколько моих воспоминаний о чайных церемониях. Возможно, они вдохновят вас спонтанно заварить чашечку чаю и продолжить давно забытые разговоры, даже если вы окажетесь наедине с самим собою.

Малиновый чай. Маленькая кухня на шестом этаже в одном из спальных районов Одессы. Давно за полночь, стиральная машинка стучит со скоростью космического двигателя, а трое из семейства Шориных-Макутониных восседают за маленьким кухонным столиком, обсуждая последние новости, рассказывая старые байки, вспоминая былое и забытое – в общем, чаёвничают. «Ещё по чашечке?», «Так, что там «вышло» из этого Лёни Воробьёва? Он таки пошёл плавать или нет?», «Они продолжают распиливать финансирование, ну, сколько можно, когда они уже «насытятся» этими деньгами?», «Начинается пятиминутка ненависти», «Передай лимон, пожалуйста», «Нет, ну, это нелепо, один поезд в день, и тот обещали отменить», «Самолёты уже отменили...», «Алёна, откуда такие конфеты вкусные?».

Жасминовый зеленый чай. Старая квартира на улице Пастера, по которой, конечно, проходили Эйзенштейн, Уточкин и Высоцкий. Кухонька с высоким потолком, но без окон. Пять женщин разных поколений сидят и пьют жасминовый чай. Разговаривают, вспоминают знакомых и дальних

It's a magical concept. Of course, it's good for its taste, health benefits and providing additional excuse to have some desert if you are a sweet tooth like me. At the same time, it's a ritual. And like with many rituals, college life and life of people in their twenties in general tend to be unstable enough to disrupt those rituals we grew up with. Here are some snapshots of tea moments from my life, I hope it inspires you to boil a kettle and return to long-paused conversations – even if it's the ones with yourself.

Raspberry tea. A small kitchen on the sixth floor in a block of flats on the outskirts of Odessa in what we call "sleeping district". It's past midnight, the washing machine is ridiculously loud, and the three members of the Shorin-Makutonini family are at the kitchen table: having tea, grieving, remembering, laughing and finishing the winter's supply of jam. "Another round?", "What happened to that guy, Lyonya Vorobyov, did he ever become a sailor?", "And they keep cutting the education funds!", "Here we go again", "Can you pass me some lemon?", "it's just ridiculous: one train a day, no planes", "where did you buy this candy, it's phenomenal".

Jasmine Tea. An old apartment in a building that probably and undoubtedly saw Eisenstein, Utochkin and Vysotskiyi. A kitchen with high ceiling and no windows with 5 women in it drinking jasmine tea. They gossip, they argue, they tell jokes, they discuss and plan but most importantly they catch up on a TV soap opera that plays on the TV in the other corner of the room.

Black tea with lemon. It's a night train Kiev-Odessa, the passengers are getting their bunk-beds ready to sleep in their small compartments: 4 persons per one compartment. The stewardess, a middle-aged strong woman who you don't want to mess around is taking orders. We order two black

Tea

родственников, спорят и смеются, но, главное, обсуждают последние серии очередного сериала по телевизору, расположенному в дальнем углу кухни.

Крепкий чёрный чай с лимоном. Ночной поезд Киев-Одесса. Пассажиры устраиваются спать в своих купе. Проводница, «надёжная как весь советский флот», проверяет билеты и предлагает чай. Мы заказываем два чёрных чая с лимоном (7 гривен стакан): дороговато, но это - традиция. Кроме того, у нас с собой есть печенье. Чай скоро приносят в таких стеклянных советских стаканах в металлических подстаканниках с красивыми узорами. Заплатить за чай можно будет утром. Мы засыпаем под стук колёс и звяканье ложечек в стеклянных стаканах. Попробуй повторить такое в Амтраке...

Узбекский чай. Не помню какой сорт, но помню, что было вкусно. Ташкент, на улице плюс 38 градусов, невыносимо жарко, так

teas with lemon, 7 grivnyas each: a bit chic but it's our tradition to drink tea train on the way back home. Plus, I already brought biscuits and you can't have those without tea. The tea arrives soon but not in a common sense of that word. Our stewardess silently places it on the little table in proper glass cups that are held in the special metal handles with beautiful patterns – the whole ensemble together with our stewardess dates back to the soviet times. No payment is asked – money is due in the morning. We fall in a deep profound sleep under the sound of the knocking wheels and soft clinking of the spoons against the glass cups. Take that Amtrak.

Uzbek tea. I don't remember what type it was, I just remember it was good. Tashkent, summer of 2011. It's 38C degrees outside, so we decide to have some tea. My mom shouts at me for attempting to put tea in the kettle before filling it up with boiled water and pouring it out. My uncle does the ceremony, pouring quarter of the cup to everybody: this is how they do it here. So that the

Beijing, China |
Qing Zhao

больше продолжаться не может и нужно что-то делать. Кондиционер – это даже не вариант, т.к. «все простудятся», и поэтому мы решаем заварить чай. Мама недовольна, так как я чуть не бросила чай в маленький чайник, предварительно не окатив его кипятком. Дядя подробно объясняет нюансы чайной церемонии: каждому гостю наливают совсем мало чая- не больше четверти чашки - пиалы для того, чтобы часто доливать чай из чайника, таким образом показывая уважание к гостю, проявляя к нему постоянно внимание. Традиции Востока. Парадоксально, горячий чай в знойную жару – то, что надо, и скоро мы в состоянии заснуть. За окнами слышен крик дерущихся котов. Я мимоходом думаю об Анне Ахматовой и ее стихотворении о Чарджуйской дыне. Завтра на завтрак меня ожидает такая же спелая дыня. С этими мыслями я сплю.

Инглиш брэкфаст ти. Этот чай мы распивали с моей подругой Саскией долгими вечерами в дождливом Уэльсе в годы моей учебы в UWC. За такими ночными посиделками, обсуждая наши маленькие победы и поражения, философствуя о будущем и прошлом, мы и подружились. В гостиную приходили и уходили студенты со всех уголков мира, за чашкой чая обсуждали всегда что-нибудь интересное. Я скучаю иногда по британцам, а, может быть, только по Саскии, и в ее лице – по британцам.

Было ещё много разных чайных посиделок на кухнях Москвы, Лондона, Львова, Провиденса, и Нью-Йорка. Даже в Миддлбери меня однажды профессор угостил цейлонским чаем.

В Миддлебери как-то трудно чаевничать: я ещё не разобралась в чем дело - в людях, в темпе жизни или в чае. Начнём с чая. Попробую привезти из дома какой-нибудь хороший сорт, а собеседники «по-русской традиции» найдутся.

host can go often around, attending to the quickly emptying cups of his guests. Strangely the hot tea helps, soon we are able to fall asleep. I hear cats outside fighting, thinking of Ahmatova and her time here. In the fridge there is a ripe melon I will have for breakfast. With these thoughts I fall asleep.

English breakfast tea. Whitaker house day-room. It's past check-in, so Saskia and I are comfortably seated at the table, sipping our tea and discussing the adventures of the day. We celebrate mediocracies, treat with irony our failures and mercilessly banter about our enemies. This is actually how we became friends: these tea-times and of course her proof-reading my essays – first always initiated by her, second one by me. People from all over the world come in and out, always bringing something curious to us to chew on. I miss it.

Then there were countless more teas that allowed for conversations to take place, connections to grow stronger and hearts be less lonely: in Moscow, London, Lviv, Providence and New-York. Even one time a professor at Midd gave me some very good tea after his office hours to distress and better sleep. I hope one day to return a favour by the way.

You never thought why tea-to-go is not common? Coffee – yeah, all sorts of it, but tea not so much, not in the US at least. I never heard a typical Starbucks girl saying "OMG, don't even talk to me before I had my Green tea with roasted rice"...Thankfully not…

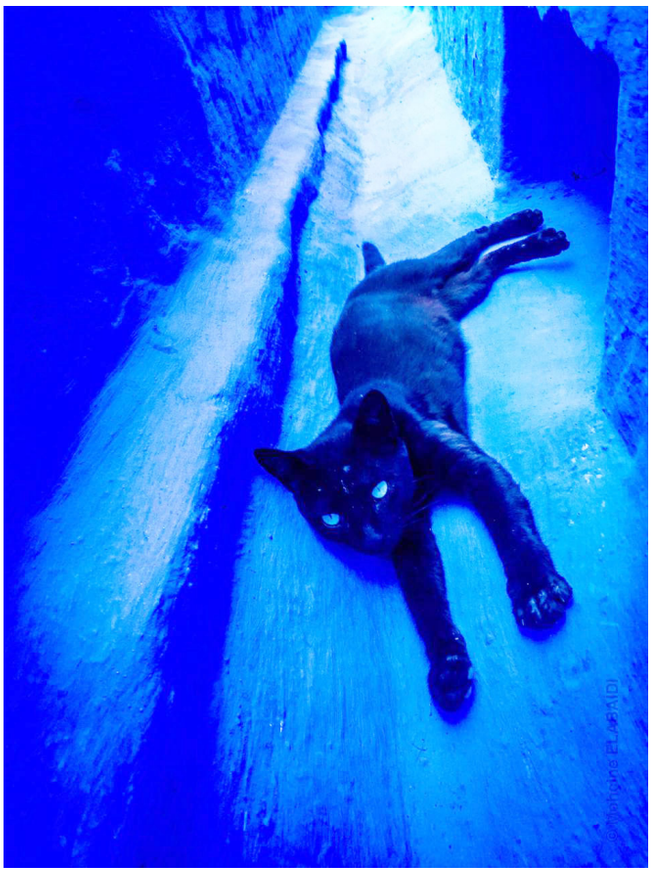
Perhaps, we know that tea has to be shared and never rushed.

Perhaps, tea will be for Middlebury one day.

Picture from Morocco

Titel : بعنوان

"You're much stronger than you think"



"My name is Mohcine Elabaidi. I'm from Morocco and I am an interior 3D designer. I love creativity. I feel good when I create something new and I feel alive. My history with photography started from my vision where I focus on the beauty, beauty of colors, smile, act, moment, details, and that pushes me to search for the beauty of everything in this wounded world and share it with people to give them a hope to turn their sadness or worries into happiness."

I write this small word from my deep heart.
Thank you
Mohcine ELabaidi

Speech by Marielle Franco

Contributed by Meiriely (Meiry) Amaral

This is an excerpt of a speech given by Rio de Janeiro Councilwoman Marielle Franco on March 8, 2018 in city chambers. She and her driver were killed shortly after on March 14, 2018 in her car after a speech. This is shared with the intention to remember her, her words, and what she stood for. Rest in Power.

Content Warning – This content is important and can be emotionally upsetting. I invite you to engage and disengage with this text as is best for you.

Nesse momento onde a democracia se coloca frágil, onde se questiona se vai ter processo eleitoral ou não, aonde a gente vê todos os escândalos com relação ao parlamento, falar das mulheres que lutam pela outra forma de fazer política no processo democrático é fundamental. Inclusive em tempos onde os justificativos da crise, da precarização, a dificuldade da vida das mulheres é apresentada, mas com muita dificuldade real. Tempo da escola, aonde que estão as vagas das creches que foram apresentadas pelo prefeito Marcelo Crivelli que ia ser ampliada, aumentada? Aonde estão as educadoras e educadores que não foram chamados ainda nos concursos? Como ficam as crianças nesse período de intervenção …

(E interrompida por um homen dando uma rosa para ela) Como falei antes as rosas da resistência nascem do asfalto, a gente recebe rosas mas a gente vai tá [estar] com o punho serrado também falando do nosso lugar de vida e resistência contra os mandos e desmandos que afetam as nossas vidas.

Até porque não é uma questão do momento atual, e um vereador na última semana que falava sobre o processo de violência sofrido pelas mulheres no carnaval, me questionava de onde eu tirava os dados apresentados? As mulheres quando saem às ruas na manifestação de 8 de março daqui a pouco, fazem porque?

Entre 83 países o brasil e o sétimo mais violento … esse quadro continua piorando. Por dia, são 12 mulheres assassinadas no Brasil. O

In this moment where democracy is fragile, where there is doubt to whether there will be an electoral process or not, where we see all the scandals in congress, speaking of the women who fight for another way to do politics in the democratic process is fundamental. Including in times where justifications of crisis, precariousness, the difficulty of women's lives are presented, but with a lot of real difficulty … Where are the daycare openings presented by the mayor Marcelo Crivelli that were supposed to be implemented and increased? Where are the educators that still have not been called in for their public service exams? What happens to the children in this period of intervention...

(She is interrupted by a man giving her a rose) As I've said before, roses of resistance are born from the asphalt, we receive roses but we are going to be there with our fists closed (puts fist up in the air) talking about our place of life and resistance against the powers and disorder that affect our lives.

Even because it is not a question of the actual moment, a city councilor last week when I was talking about the process of violence suffered by women during carnaval, was asking me from where did I get the presented data? Women when they go to the streets for the March 8th manifestation later, why do they do it?

Out of 83 countries Brazil is the 7th most violent ... and this keeps getting worse. Every day 12 women are murdered in Brazil. The most

último dado que a gente tem do estado do Rio de Janeiro figura 13 estupros por dia. Essa é a reação da violência contra as mulheres.

(Alguém na audiência gritando em defensa da ditadura) A gente tem um senhor que está defendo a ditadura e falando alguma coisa contrária, é isso? Peço que a presidência da casa no caso de maiores manifestações que vem atrapalhar a minha fala, assim proceda como a gente faz quando a tribuna interrompe qualquer vereador. Não serei interrompida, não aturo interrompimento dos vereadores dessa casa, e não aturarei a um cidadão que venha aqui, e não sabe ouvir a posição de uma mulher eleita.

Parque Tanguá Curitiba, Paraná Brazil | Meiriely Amaral

(Intervenção da casa) Obrigada presidenta, sabemos que infelizmente esses casos não serão a última nem a primeira vez, mas o empate para quem vem da favela … nós somos violadas e violentadas a muito tempo e muitos momentos. Por exemplo, onde a intervenção federal se converte na intervenção militar, eu quero saber como ficam as mães e familiares das crianças revistadas? Como ficam as médicas que não podem trabalhar nos postos de saúde? Como ficam as mulheres que não tem acesso a cidade? Essas mulheres são muitas, são mulheres negras, mulheres lésbicas, mulheres trans, … mulheres que constroem essa cidade aonde diversos relatórios, querem os senhores ou não, apresentam a centralidade, a força dessas mulheres.

recent data we have from Rio de Janeiro tells us rape happens 13 times each day. This is the violent reaction against women.

(Someone in the audience yells something in favor of the dictatorship) We have someone who is defending the dictatorship and speaking out, is that it? I ask that the president of this chamber in the case of greater manifestations that come to disturb my speech act as we do when whichever city councilor is interrupted. I will not be interrupted, I do not tolerate interruptions by the city councilors of this chamber, and I will not tolerate an interruption of a citizen who comes here, and cannot listen to the position of an elected woman.

(The chamber officials intervene) Thank you president, we know that unfortunately these cases will not be the last nor the first time, but the thing for who comes from the favela (slum), we suffer violence for a long time now and during many moments. For example, where federal intervention becomes military intervention, I want to know what happens to the mothers and relatives of children who are frisked? What happens to the doctors who cannot work at health centers? What happens to women without access to the city? This women are many, they are black women, lesbian women, trans women ... women that make this city where diverse reports, whether you here want or not, present the centrality to the strength of these

Mas apresentam também os números como o lesbocidio, em 2017 houve uma lesbica assassinada por semana. Lesbocidio é um conceito que as mulheres lésbicas estão cunhando, assim como nós avançamos no debate a relação ao homicídio … dados mostram a realidade absurda mas que sim vítima a nossa diversidade.

As mulheres negras por exemplo, quando passam na rua, ainda tem homem que tem a ousadia de falar do quadril largo, da bunda grande, do corpo como se a gente estivesse no período de escravidão. Não estamos querido, nós estamos no processo democrático, vai ter que aturar mulher negra, trans, lesbica, ocupando a diversidade dos espaços.

women.

They present as well numbers about things such as lesbicide, in 2017 there was one lesbian assassinated per week. Lesbicide is a concept that lesbian women are coining, on the same path as we are advancing in the debate related to homicide ... data demonstrates the absurd reality, but that which victimizes our diversity.

Black women, for example, when we walk on the street, there are still men with the audacity to talk about the large hips, the big butt, the body as if we were still in the time of slavery. We are not here for it dear, we are here in the democratic process, you are going to have to tolerate a black woman, trans woman, lesbian, occupying diversity of spaces.

San Juan, Puerto Rico | Mingjiu Gao

Rice Burger and Banana Milk (excerpt)

Ho June (Sean) Rhee, 이호준

애국심 (Patriotism)

저는 한국인입니다. *(I am Korean.)*
"I am an Americanized Korean."
한국인으로서 대한민국이 자랑스럽습니다. *(As a Korean, I am proud of South Korea.)*
"I'm not really attached to Korea."
그런데, 왜 외국인 취급을 하시나요? *(But, why do you treat me like a foreigner?)*
"Please think of me as a foreigner."
한국어는 당연히 쓸 수 있는데, *(I can obviously use Korean,)*
"I hope you can understand my awkward Korean!"
예의범절도 당연히 지킬 수 있는데, *(I can obviously be respectful,)*
"I know all about the Korean respect culture."
"It's like a rap, you basically put "yo" at the end!"
왜 영어로 대답하시나요?) *(But why do you respond in English,)*
"I can understand English too!"
왜 한국어를 잘 한다고 칭찬하시나요? *(Why do you compliment my Korean?)*
"But I swear my Korean is still good!"
"Annyeonghaseyo?"
왜 이방인 취급을 하시나요?) *(Why do you treat me like an outsider?)*
"I'm pretty much a banana."
말할나위 없이 한국인이였을 때가 그립습니다. *(I miss being Korean without suspicions)*
"Am I "Korean" enough?"
저는…진정한 한국인입니까? *(Am I a real Korean?)*

Home Tour

da seat belt signs turn off
and da pilot speaks with a heavy breath,
mabuhay ang Pilipinas! *(welcome to the Philippines)*
welcome to my home.

taga dito ka, diba? *(you're from here, right?)*
no
marunong kaba mag-Tagalog? *(do you speak Tagalog?)*
kontì lang… *(a little)*
tourist ako *(I'm a tourist)*

pero, pinoy is more dan
tagalog,
brown skin,
black hair,
eyes with a slight tilt.

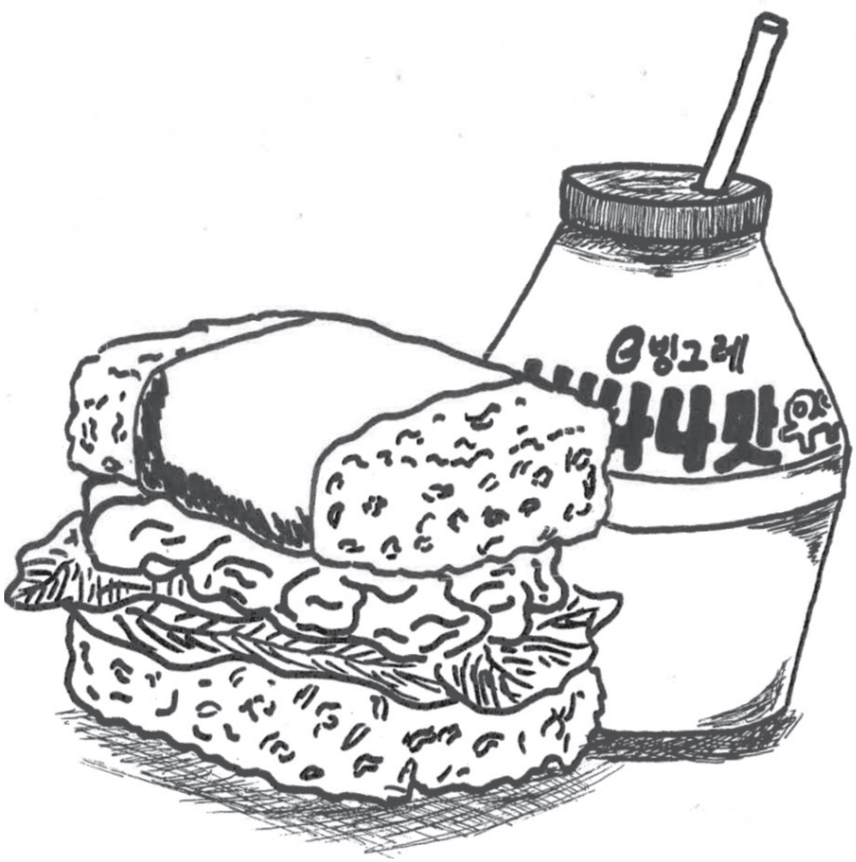
i still think Jollibee
is more masarap dan McDo *(delicious)*
i still use spoons and forks
instead of knives
and I am sure
dat everything is more
fun in the Philippines

so, if you think
I don't have
da pinoy spirit,
hay nako… *(oh no…)*
ang tigas ng ulo mo! *(you're so hardheaded)*

o-o, tourist ako, *(yes, I am a tourist)*
pero, a tourist with a pinoy spirit

Pasos de Bebé

a class that I started	
sólo para un crédito	(only for a credit)
turned into something	
que disfruto con pasión	(that I enjoy with passion)
soy un bebé	(I am a baby)
when it comes to Spanish	
pero,	(but,)
like, I'm getting there	
por lo menos, creo que sí.	(at least, I think so)
entonces, tenga paciencia	(so, please be patient)
because I'm just taking baby steps	
sin prisa y sin pausa	(slowly but surely)
pronto,	(soon,)
aprenderé y caminaré,	(I will learn, and I will walk)
maduraré y correré,	(I will grow, and I will run)
pronto,	(soon,)
miraré atrás y ver	(I will look back and see)
las huellas que he hecho	(the footsteps I have made)
miraré hacia delante y	(I will look forward and)
daré otro paso	(take another step)
al camino interminable	(to the endless path)
buscando de un nuevo hogar	(searching for a new home)



From the Author

Writing this set of poems made me take a retrospective look at the past eight years of my English learning experience. During the initial years, the hardest struggle I had was not having an authentic voice in my written works which immensely undermined my confidence as a writer. Frankly, I still don't feel confident in my own writing, especially when I am writing academic papers. I feel like a literary fraud who is imitating people's unique styles and parroting their voices. However, rice burger and banana milk *showed me the exit to step outside of the ivory tower and roam around my inner thoughts and emotions. I didn't feel the pressure to use specific jargons and complex sentence structures to make my work sound more "sophisticated." I simply transcribed what I felt into words and lines. I was finally able to find my voice and share my thoughts. In a way, the numerous compliments I received from the readers were a gentle nod of recognition that the readers heard my voice and that I should be more confident—that I should speak up. To a non-native speaker of English, that simple nod goes a long way and means the world to him or her. My voice is still dry and raspy, but I look forward to embellishing it.*

Moreover, all of my written works are a culmination of the guidance, support, and trust of the people who walked alongside me through my journey of English learning: my parents who provided a fertile foundation for my growth; my teachers who planted the knowledge and skills that I know today; and my friends who accepted me unconditionally.

TRNSLNGL | MGZN

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Please send any comments, questions, and/or submissions to translingual@middlebury.edu

Photo by Mingjiu Gao